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AFTER ELECTION.

WORKINGMAN.—Who will care for Labor now?

AGRICULTURIST.—And where does the Honest Farmer come in?



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, November 5th, 1890. — No. 713.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

1860 SCHOOLMASTER REUBEN SMITH, of Slocumb Corners, Conn., leaning against his desk, and gesticulating awkwardly with his ruler, tells his scholars of the wonderful treaty with China, signed last November, which gives us the right of commerce, and opens new fields for American enterprise and for the products of American industry. He has arrived at the proper point for moral reflections.

"You see, boys, how the interesting narrative which I have just recounted to you — you perceive how it exhibits the folly of selfishness and self-sufficiency. I have told you how the industrious Chinese constructed this great and mighty wall, shutting — shutting out all the other nations of the earth; how they said to themselves, 'We are the greatest and wisest and best people in the whole world, and we don't want to learn anything, or to find out anything, or to buy anything of any other people, and we don't want to give them any of our knowledge, or to sell them anything that we make, or to have anything to do with them.'"

"And I have told you how for thousands of years they kept all foreigners out of their vast dominions, and how the English had to fight for the right to trade with them. And now I want for you to tell me what sort of men our brave Jack tars, the noblest specimens of American manhood — I want for you to tell me what sort of men they found when they took Mr. Ward to Peking to make this treaty I have been telling you about. Can any boy tell me what sort of men they were? I thought not. Well, they were little, small, undersized men — not so big as you, Eliphalet Haskins — though they knew more than you will if you don't apply yourself harder this term than you did last.

"And can any of you tell me why these men were so small and undersized? Can you tell me why they were ignorant heathens when the light of Christian civilization had illumined the world for eighteen hundred years? Can you tell me — did I hear any boy laughing? Eben Wilkins, I have my eye on you — can you tell me why these folks was — were so stunted? Because they had shet — shut themselves up from communication with other folks; because they had tried to be sufficient unto themselves; because they had set themselves apart from all civilizing influences, and had degenerated, generation after generation, until they got so small and poor and pitiful that even Ben Dusenberry here could lick — whip, I mean to say — three of them with one hand.

"And what is the lesson we learn, boys? The lesson we learn is that it don't pay to shut ourselves up and think that we are sufficient unto ourselves. If we in this town of Slocumb Corners w — were to shut ourselves up and build a great big wall about our beautiful town, saying, 'Here, we have water and pastures and cattle and room to grow vegetables, and we don't need to have anything to do with our neighbors' — why, boys, in a few hundred years, if our neighbors did n't take hold and batter down that wall, we should be just such an ignorant, narrow-minded, worthless set of men as these poor, foolish Chinese, instid — instead of enjoying the blessings of a broad and liberal civilization, which has made us a great nation, and enabled us to share the blessings of our enlightenment with the heathen on distant shores, who have — shut — themselves out from the benefits of progress. The first class in geography is now called."

1890 CONGRESSMAN REUBEN SMITH, in the House of Representatives, contributes his share to the discussion of the McKinley Bill. He is no longer of Slocumb Corners, Conn. He represents an Ohio district. He has just affirmed his unalterable opinion that cheapness is bad for the country at large, and he continues:

"Why, Mr. Speaker, what is this cant we hear from the men who oppose this bill? Is it possible that the greatest and most enlightened nation on the face of the earth is to be forever dependent upon the products of foreign countries, alien to us in blood and in ideas? Is it possible that in this vast territory of ours, from Maine to Mendocino, embracing every variety

of soil and climate, we can not produce all that is sufficient for our own needs? And are we so poor that we must look to other countries — to the paupers and vagabonds of impoverished Europe — for a market for our goods? Can we not sell within our own borders all that we can produce? And can we not produce all that we need? The gentleman on the other side of the House has talked of our European trade, of our trade with Africa and Asia and Australasia, and I know not what all.

"But what has he said of the Home Market? Nothing. And yet, without the Home Market, where should we be? Will any gentleman tell me why we should pour the bounties of our rich produce into European mouths, or into Asiatic mouths, or into Australa — into the mouths of people in Australasia? Let us consume what we supply, and supply what we consume! That is the true political economy. By that rule alone can a nation achieve and maintain greatness.

"What is Europe to us? What has the outside world to do with our growth and prosperity? Why should we seek its trade or give it ours? The gentleman on the other side of the House will probably reply that other nations can sell us certain goods cheaper than we can make them here. But what of that? Why should we accept foreign standards of price? Let us pay more, if needs be, and keep the money in the country. And if you ask me what, under this system, and in accordance with this idea, is to become of the man who is engaged in foreign trade, I answer you: Let him go out of it! Let him deal in American goods only; let him sell only to Americans; and if he can not sell at existing prices, let him raise them, and let Americans pay him the prices he asks!"

1892 EX-CONGRESSMAN REUBEN SMITH, having secured a re-nomination, appeals to his constituents, in mass-meeting assembled. Rumors are current that his district, hitherto safely Republican, is extremely shaky, owing to a startling over-growth of farm mortgages. Mr. Smith addresses the meeting:

"My friends and fellow-citizens, you have known me for many years. You know that I would not come in your midst with a lie upon my lips. And I assure you here, and in the presence of the people of the whole United States, that if for one minute — for one second, even — I believed that the present high prices, which have caused so much misery and destitution, were in the remotest degree caused by the passage of the tariff bill, I should vote to wipe it forever from the statute-books. But I hope to show you that —"

And so forth, and so on, et cetera and all the rest of it. Congressman Reuben Smith speaks more easily than Schoolmaster Reuben Smith. But when did he talk most sensibly?



A LITTLE "PAVEMENT SORE."

POLICEMAN. — What's the matter, here? Can't you walk? Want me to call a cab?

STRANGER. — No; for heaven's sake, no! I've just been riding a couple of miles in one, over your New York pavements. I'll be all right in half an hour, or so.



THE TRIALS OF A COMMERCIAL LIFE.

TOMMISON (the street merchant).—Here you are, now! The biggest surprise in concealed an' complicated mechanism ever showed to the public. Twenty-five cents, or a quarter of a dollar, will fetch a smile to the wan an' pale face of your little one at home, an' not hurt your pocket-book so 's it can't be cured. My youngest got better of cross-eyes after watchin' one windin' of the toy.

CRUSTY BANKER (who has walked around the crowd, but has had to stop in spite of himself).—These infernal street obstructions are getting worse and worse! That fellow ought to be locked—my gracious! the little manikin *does* walk kind of natural, does n't he? See him step over that crack in the sidewalk! H'm! How much are they?

TOMMISON.—Terwenty-five cents, sir. Do one up? Thank you, sir; next!

CRUSTY BANKER (edging out guiltily).—I forgot to ask him how to wind it; but Hannah's child will find out, and I've lost dignity enough already.

TOMMISON.—There you have it! When Jay Gould's silent partner gives my invention th' send-off of buyin' one, it shows you can't make a mistake in investin'. Look out there, Sonny! Turn him back this way! He's got a lozenger-wrapper ketched in his feet.

LONG-HAIRED INVESTIGATOR.—The thing runs by electricity, does n't it?

TOMMISON.—Yes, sir; that is, the idee 's based on 'lectrics. I wuz puffesser of galvanics out West when I first discovered th' movement, an' while th' spring has somethin' t' do with his walkin', he could n't stir a foot if th' rocker-arm an' eccentric was n't charged with volluts. Squeeze right in this way, little girl, an' don't be afraid.

ELDERLY LADY.—You don't make them for twins, do you?

TOMMISON.—I did, Marm; but they was n't enough demand. What's th' matter of buyin' two, and hitchin' 'm together with a rubber band? (*At this the toy turns itself over, and the lilliputian man waves his legs in frantic expostulation.*) Look here, you young Dago, don't you do that again!

BOOTBLACK.—I did n't do nothin', Jakey.

TOMMISON.—Yes, you did! S'pose I did n't see yer? I'm sellin' these ejucators, not givin' no ground an' lofty circus with 'm.

BOOTBLACK.—What's eatin' his knees?

TOMMISON.—You shut up! (*Accompanied with a cuff that fails to reach by several feet, and the BOOTBLACK walks off whistling: "Don't Like a Nigger, Nohow."*)

SMALL VOICE (from a wicker carriage).—Baby 'ants it!

NURSE.—Baby can't hov it.

SMALL VOICE.—Baby 'ants 'ittle pushman.

NURSE.—Th' idaya! Yez'd die wid th' paint y'd suck aff it, not t' minton gittin' yure fingers in the m'chinnery.

SMALL VOICE.—Baby 'ants it.

NURSE.—Baby 'ants th' cart, an' baby 'll not get it. Good mornin', Mary. Walk down as far 's th' cahner wid me.

TOMMISON.—Sell you one, sir?

HEIMHEFFER (the feather merchant).—Vas dey a music-box insite?

TOMMISON.—Cert'nly. It plays on th' even hour, an' it's now jest five minutes past 'leven.

HEIMHEFFER.—How much?

TOMMISON.—Terwenty five cents, 'r a quarter of a dollar. Here you are!

HEIMHEFFER.—I guezz nod! I gifs you fifteen cends.

TOMMISON (whispering).—Take that one off the top of the pile, an' don't let any one see you pay me. (*As he secures the cash.*) That one's broke, an' would n't go if yer pushed it. (*Aloud.*) Come! Come! Now's yer last chance! Johncey Depew an' David Dudeley Field ordered a dozen apiece this mornin' fer individual salt-cellar. They're goin' t' lay tracks round their tables, an' set th' wheels a-goin' afore dinner, so 's all 'll be happy.

GROCER'S BOY.—What d' you do when yer git sleepy?

TOMMISON.—Shet my eyes.

GROCER'S BOY.—Did n't know but what you might lie, it seems t' come so easy. Hi—look out fer th' p'leece!

TOMMISON (gathering up his stock in wild alarm).—Where?

GROCER'S BOY.—Reserves round to th' station-house! (*Decamps.*)

TOMMISON.—Darn a Dutch-American, any how! Well, I'm too scared to keep on this stand any longer. I'll pull stakes for somewheres else. Where's that toy?

QUIET BYSTANDER.—Hejest walked off the curbstone, across the street, and into that sewer-opening on the other side.

TOMMISON.—Eleven cents gone to totterin' blazes! I'll git ruined if this bad-luck spell keeps up!

MULHOLLAND (at bottom of sewer).—T'anks! Oi doan' know who yez are, or phere yez kem from up thare; but av yez 'll t'row down a doll fer Katy an' a jimpin'-jack fer Jamesey, Oi 'll gin this cast-iron monkey on pheels t' Patsey, me pet.

J. S. G.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

MRS. WOOD B. MCALLISTER.—Dear, is n't it lovely? I see here by a little article that the Vanderbilt children are sent to bed regularly every evening before eight o'clock, and are made to rise before seven. Is n't it cute?

MRS. HABBER-DASHER.—Yes—so like my own little darlings!

WILLING TO HELP.

MRS. LISZT (soliciting subscriptions).—Can't I rely on getting your name for five dollars to send a missionary to the heathen?

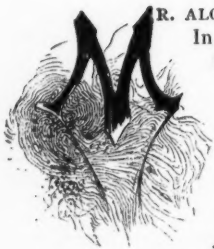
MR. SCADDS.—Nope; but if your parson will admit 'em to his church, I'll go downtown to the slums and spend five dollars car-fare in sending a hundred heathen to the missionary!



AND THEN SHE WENT.

BRIDGET (*her farewell shot*).—I'd have ye to know, Mim, as I'm a lady, Mim.
MRS. LORGNON.—That's just the trouble. You don't go well with the place.

A PASTILE.



R. ALGERNON BLANCOSÉ was an exceptional young man. In the comparative solitude of his own soul he had thought out many things, among others a life policy, which he intended to pursue with the gravity befitting a man of high aims, serious convictions, and twenty-two years.

Foremost among the "maxims" of this modern Rochefoucauld was the following: "To love is to be abject; to marry is to invite *ennui*!" These sentiments enjoyed the distinguished regard of their author, who was a man of his word.

Her friends considered Elizabeth Fanueil to be a unique young woman. The subject of an expensive education and a cultured environment, her acts were supposed to be the result of cool reason and correct deduction. In the *journal intime* of this maiden was written, in a chirography as chaste as the sentiment: "Love Man—not men!" This was at once her standard and her reward.

Social obligations called Mr. Algernon Blancosé to Bar Harbor, whither he went reluctantly, with a copy of "The Kreutzer Sonata" in his pocket.

Hither also had fled Miss Elizabeth Fanueil, whose devotion to a Volapük grammar necessitated the restoration of her roses by worldly recreation.

The exceptional young man and the unique young woman sat on a narrow shelf of rock, their faces toward the East.

"Dearest!" exclaimed the man.

"Mr. Blancosé," answered the maiden, "what have I ever done to be addressed so—so—"

Algernon interrupted the adjective. "Nothing; but make me love you. Say you will marry me and make me happy!"

"If you really think I could, I guess, perhaps, I ought to try," the maiden murmured.

Algernon Blancosé said it was Destiny; Elizabeth said it was Humanity. They were both wrong. It was Propinquity.

Dorothea Lummis.

ONE HALF of the world does n't know how the other half lives; but it is trying to find out, just the same.

NOT THE SAME.

LIKE A LARK in its flight empyrean,
Her voice rings out through the room,
And she sings of things, as she twangs the strings
That scatter away the gloom.

She trills me the ballad of "Robin Adair,"
And the loves of the "Low-backed Car;"
Doubly fair seems the air of "Wapping Old Stair,"
Doubly sweet my wheezy guitar.

She runs through the tunes of the lassies
That peep from the fields of the Rye,
Yet unsung by her tongue is the song to have wrung
A tear from out mine eye.

"Down Went—" she at last begins;
"Down Went—" and I start in my chair;
"Down Went—" the air rent, ('t was the "Ballad of Kent!")
"Down Went—My Sweet Robin in Prayer!"

B. H. Wilson.

AN EARLY VICTIM.

TOM STOKES.—Who was the first man killed at foot-ball?

JIM HICKEY.—St. Laurence, I suppose; he died on the "gridiron."

A COMBINATION PASSING STRANGE.

IN STRAW HAT and a cape of fur
Your wife can venture forth.
O Man! dared you to dress like her,
'T were all your life were worth!



HIS TEMERITY REBUKED.

MRS. PENMAN.—Dear, I see PUCK has one of your pieces in it this week.

MR. JAMES PENMAN (*indifferently*).—So? Which one is it?

MRS. PENMAN.—Why, the one they accepted from you of course! Which one did you suppose?

THE SCIENTIFIC HOUSEWIFE.

THE CHEMISTRY of cooking is
To her an interesting question,
But her poor hubby vows she spoils
The chemistry of his digestion.



THE SECOND EDITION.

EDITOR *Western Sunset*.—Had yer dinner, Ike?

PRESSMAN.—Yape!

EDITOR.—Well, then, insert "Second Edition" som'ers about the head of the first page, an' let her jam.

A MATTITUCK MADRIGAL.

(BY A CALVINISTIC CONVERT.)



Prelude.

AT A RECENT church fair, held by the ladies of a certain Long Island Presbyterian Church, we are informed, the younger portion of the fair sex hit upon a novel method of adding to the receipts. In a little side-tent, a "baby-show" was quickly organized, where the dropping of a quarter into a missionary box secured one of the sweetest of kisses from a pair of pretty pouting lips which would appear at an opening in the canvas. So successful did this novel scheme prove that \$160 was raised in one single night, and the sport continued until the young men and their quarters were all parted. And there was great rejoicing throughout all Mattituck, save among certain envious Methodists, and they raised a great hue and cry over the matter; but this troubled not the young maidens of the Presbyterian persuasion, for had they not kissed for the salvation of souls? But it is said there was one broken engagement, and two sorrow-laden hearts that even the joys of the new-born heathen failed to assuage.

I wish I were a Christian
And dwelt in Mattituck,
Where people make their living
By raising garden truck.

I'd be a Presbyterian,
And ever in my place
At Sabbath-school and "baby-shows,"
And other means of grace.

I'd save my every quarter
To set the heathen free,
I'd send them by the gallant smacks
That sail from the "Kissing Bee."

For who can grudge a Feejee
A brand-new suit of clothes,
If a charming girl but ask it,
With lips like the budding rose?

And if our hard-earned quarters
Sweet kisses may command,
How long before each Hottentot
Shall tie his four-in-hand?

I'd give each suffering Zulu
A patent-leather shoe;
And every cannibal should have
Fresh missionary stew.

I'd be up bright and early,
The first one at the show;
The honey of the sweetest lips
No other man should know.

Though others might be waiting,
Their fondest schemes I'd block;
If it took my every penny,
I'd buy the whole sweet stock.

Oh! would I were predestined
To dwell in Mattituck,
Down by the broad Peconic,
Where pretty girls have pluck!

Oh! would I were predestined
A Calvinist to be;
I'd buy the sweetest kisses
And say 't was Fate's decree.

Farewell! Farewell, my kindred!
Farewell, my dear old PUCK!
Hurrah! I've been converted!
I'm off for Mattituck.

E. Frank Lintaber.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR DOING GOOD AMONG THE "400."

DE HAUTTON (*millionaire and one of the "400"*).—The service you have just rendered me, sir, is worth a great deal to me; and, as I have no claims upon a stranger, I should like to compensate you. Won't you accept a check—?

DOBSON.—Oh, no! I don't want money; but I'll be glad if you won't go to Lenox next year. Then my wife won't want to go.

A SENSIBLE MAN.

ROAD AGENT (*to PEDESTRIAN*).—Money or your life!

PEDESTRIAN (*calmly*).—Which do you prefer, sir?

ROAD AGENT (*gruffly*).—Your money, of course!

PEDESTRIAN (*handing it over*).—Is n't it a good thing that we can both be suited? Now, I had much rather have my life.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

TOBACCONIST.—Tobacco has gone up since the McKinley bill passed.

MR. DEL FUMAR.—Eveedently. Now dell me honest, whad ees thees cigar med oaf?

WE HAVE no words except praise for the dead. This is natural, as we usually exhaust our whole stock of blame on them while alive.

THE TROUBLE about room-mates is that each mate wishes to be captain.



AN HOUR AFTER THE POLLS CLOSED.

OFFICER.—What are you doing here?

MEAGHER (*who has been naturalized only three days*).—A man thot said his nem wor Mистер Tammany tould me t' vote me Ripupligan ticket in this shlot, an' in th' coorse av a little phile, papers fer a job in th' pavin' department wud come out.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

I observe by a Republican newspaper that Mr. Jay Gould has announced himself perfectly satisfied with the new tariff. This is cheering news. Hitherto my apprehensions have been that the increased prices for the necessities of life under the McKinley law might mean an unusually hard Winter for us poor people. But it seems that Mr. Gould does not share my fears. He thinks, apparently, that the extra five cents per dozen on eggs, and the correspondingly greater cost of potatoes, canned goods, cooking-apples, stockings, underclothing, blankets, etc., will make no great difference. This is certainly, as I have intimated above, very reassuring.

S. Mart Halleck.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

PROPRIETOR of *Bay State Fungus* (*to EDITOR*).—Colday, the ear-muff manufacturer, has just sent in a column advertisement.

EDITOR.—And I have just written a long editorial showing his unfitness for Congress.

PROPRIETOR.—Well, put in the advertisement instead of the editorial.

A MAN WITHOUT FRIENDS.

CUSTOMER.—Have you anything to cure a cold?

DRUGGIST.—Heavens! Have you no friends?

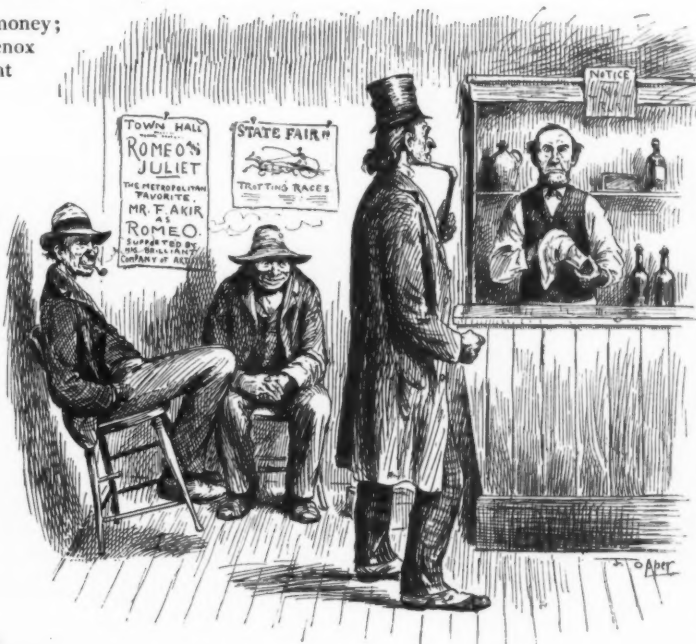
A PROPER QUESTION.

BRIGGS.—Did you know I had moved? Yes, I'm living in a New York flat now.

GRIGGS.—That so? Where do you dress?

BEFORE ELECTION the candidate finds your button-hole almost as useful a thing to hang on as he afterward finds the pigeon-hole into which he stows your requests.

BEING CONCEITED is the only satisfaction some men find in life.



AN OMINOUS OUTLOOK.

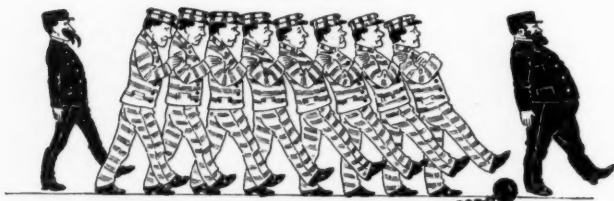
ACTOR.—Eggnogg.

PROPRIETOR.—No eggs.

ACTOR.—None in town?

PROPRIETOR.—Nope. All bought up for your show.

DISCIPLINE.

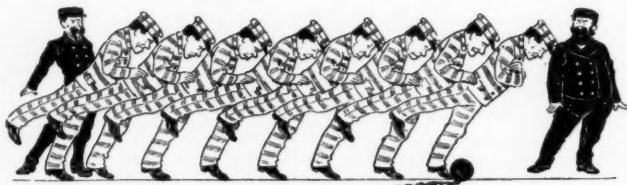


RATHER.

"What is your estimate of Con Gressman?"

"He's a liar and a thief."

"That's rather a rough estimate."



NO ADMISSION.

"Plucky man, Policeman Knox! He drove away two burglars who were trying to break into his house."

"Humph! Did you ever know a policeman who would admit anything when it was against himself?"

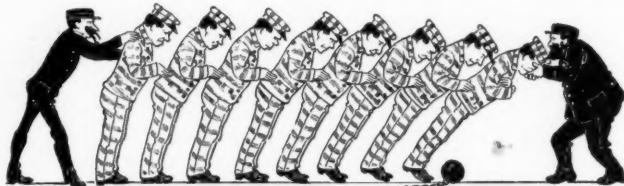


NO NONSENSE ABOUT HIM.

MR. SUTER.—I've come to ask you for your daughter's hand, sir.

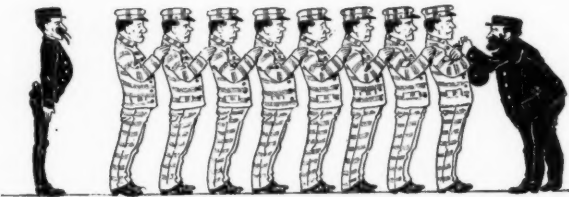
OLD MR. DADKINS.—Have you obtained her consent?

MR. SUTER.—No, sir; she says she won't marry me. But I want you to exert your paternal authority, and make her.



ALL FOR TEN DOLLARS.

'T was at the fair. "I'll take a kiss," said he.
"All right," the maiden said—in for a caper—
Then took a card and kissed it, one, two, three—
And wrapped it up in dainty, tinted paper.



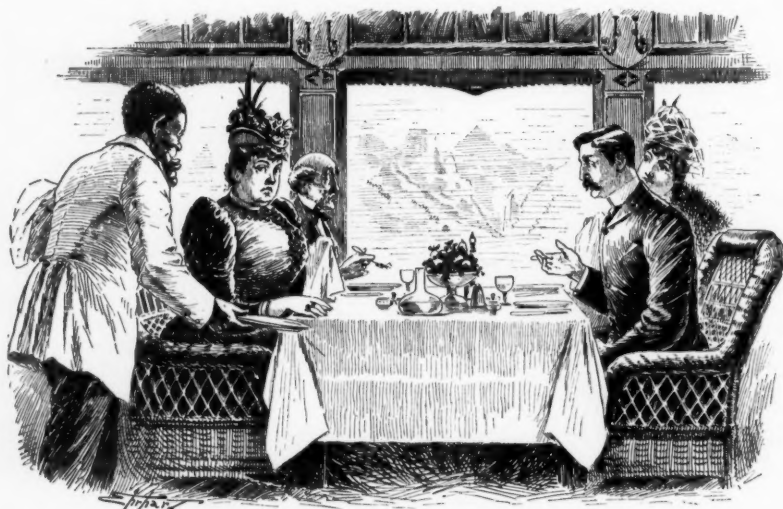
AS USUAL.

CITIZEN.—How did your college open this year?
STUDENT.—With a rush.

LETTING HIM OFF EASY.

PRISONER.—I am an old man, your Honor; eighty-three on my last birthday. Be lenient with me, sir.

THE JUDGE.—I will. Being eighty-three years old you have not long to live. I therefore make your term as light as I can. Instead of ten years, you go up for life.



THE INFLUENCE OF AN APPETITE.

GRANNISON (who has been over the line before).—There's some of the finest and most impressive mountain scenery in America.

MISS STOUT.—Lovely, isn't it? Waiter, you may bring me another portion of that delicious boiled halibut.

A TAILOR'S COURTSHIP.

LENA.—Und haf you really sooch a sdrong attachment for me, Isaac!
SCHNEIDE.—Yaw; it vas like a button sewed on mit silk!

SHE GUESSED CORRECTLY.

MRS. MADISON MORNINGSIDE.—I suppose you have a fine place up in Squashville, Uncle Eben.

UNCLE EBEN.—Well, I sh'd say so. I'm First Selectman; pays me over two hund'ed dollars a year.

IGNORANCE.

"You poor idiot! When you threw the boomerang, you might have known it would smash you in the back."

"I know," said Bushman, faintly. "But, hang it all! I did n't know I was such a good shot."



TRUE TO LIFE.

A private dispatch from Paris states that Sarah Bernhardt is not only playing the part of Cleopatra, but of her needle as well.

THE EYEGLASSES are perpetual straddlers.
Both the Ayes and the Noes have them.

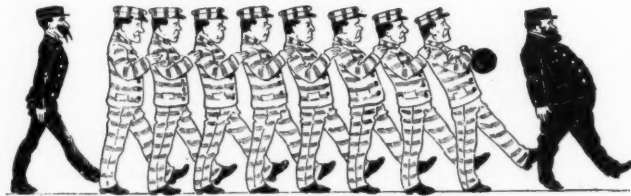
WHY DO they say playwright instead of play-writer, Freddy? Go ask the stage-carpenter.

SENT UP FOR LIFE—The Consumptive who is Advised to Go to the Mountains.

A SPELLING CLASS—
The Labor Shift.

VINEGAR is the "next morning" of wine.

A CHOLER-BUTTON—
Patience.



A POET'S WISH.

GIVE ME some quiet spot at eve
Where I can spin a sonnet,
And at the morn a busy spot
Where I can get cash on it!

OPEN TO CONVICTION.

WHEELER.—Did you ever know a man to be convinced in an argument on politics?

HEELER.—Oh, yes; but I had to give him ten dollars.

THE ABSENT FRIEND.

JACK.—Is n't Adèle an enthusiastic dancer?

MAUD.—Yes, poor girl; she is getting to an age when she must be.

NO EXPLANATION NECESSARY.

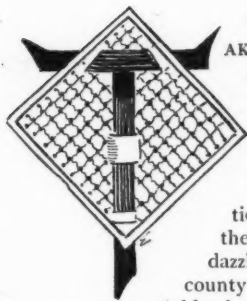
MRS. SKINNER.—Yes, Mr. Pennywate, I am compelled to advance the price of your board one dollar on the week; you see, everything is so scarce and so dear, it is most impossible to supply the table.

PENNYWATE.—I don't doubt it in the least, Mrs. Skinner; the scarcity has been very apparent for some time.

IT IS AUTHORITATIVELY denied that Speaker Reed has dropped into the habit of changing the hour of the day to suit himself.

THE LITERARY COOK-BOOK;

Or,
EVERY MAN HIS OWN STORY-TELLER.

*Recipe for a Modern English Society Novel.*

TAKE A YOUNG GIRL with blue blood in her veins and unsatisfied yearnings in her soul, and let her yearn for a number of years in the household of an aunt on her mother's side. Spice the dish with information that the girl's name is Gwendoline, or Maud, or Imogene, (her cousins are called "Gertie," "Peggy" and "Hattie,") and that her father, from whom she inherited the blue blood and the yearnings, belonged to that dazzling grade of British society, known as "the county people."

Add a lover of hopeless, tactless vulgarity, who has transferred his affections from Gertie to Gwendoline, or Maud, or Imogene, a proceeding not calculated to enhance the harmony of the home circle.

Let all the ingredients stew for a month or two, and then add another lover in the person of a tall guardsman with blue eyes and a tawny moustache, who is on terms of rib-poking intimacy with several members of the nobility. Now, season the dish with a scene in which Gwendoline, or so forth, rejects her aristocratic lover with high-bred scorn to the intense joy of his rival, who forthwith redoubles his clumsy attentions.

Stir briskly by means of Gertie and her mother, who will make things hot for every one, and then suddenly pour over it the melted heart of Gwendoline's grandfather on the blue side of the house, who has been induced by the guardsman to adopt her, and restore her to her proper sphere among the "county families."

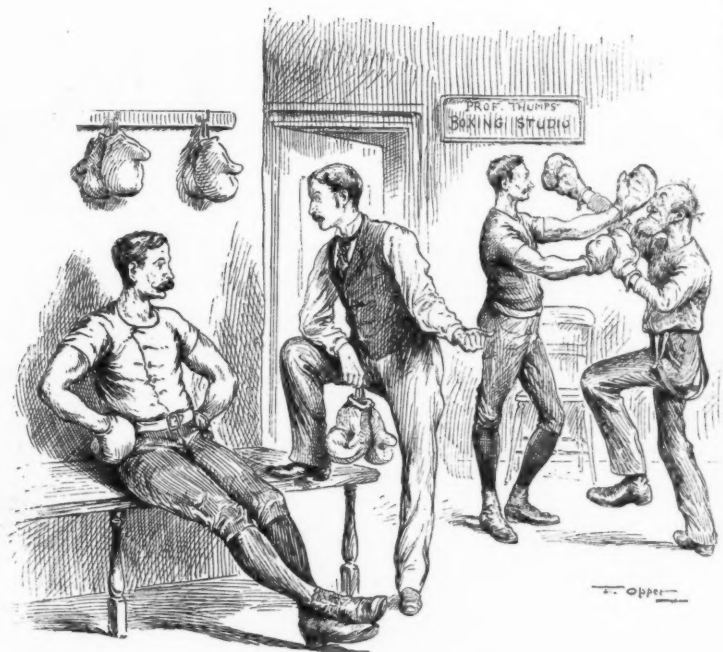
Serve piping hot under the name of "Gwen," or Lady Imogene's Longings, and the dish will be enjoyed by that large class of people who have never seen any decent society except through a spy-glass.

Recipe for a Ledger Story.

Take a small, white cottage, shaded by fine maple-trees, and let it "nestle in a peaceful valley 'neath the shadow of the grand old New England hills." In this cottage place the widow Perkins, or Lee, or Osgood, or Larrabee — any one of these will do — and her daughter Mary or Ruth; if the latter, it should be referred to as the "sweet old Bible name which her father had loved so well." Add a Summer boarder in the person of a young artist, who is "strolling through the valley in search of material for his canvases."

Care must be taken to select a tall, sun-burnt artist, with broad shoulders and brown beard, and he should be called Lionel, or Gerald, or Reginald. His surname may be Beresford, or Ravenshoe, or Arundel.

Let these ingredients simmer slowly for three weeks before a hot



A CASE OF NECESSITY.

PATRON.—What's the use of an old fossil like that taking boxing lessons?

INSTRUCTOR.—That's the Hon. Elihu Grass, Congressman from the Waynaugo District. He expects the next session is going to be one of the liveliest on record, and he wants to be able to hold his own.



EXPECTED TOO MUCH FOR A DIME.

LECTURER.—This, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest marvel of the mechanical world. The paradox of scientists, the hitherto-declared impossible perpetual motion machine—a powerful engine deriving its motive force from the peculiarity of its own construction, unaided by man, steam, gas, springs, or electricity.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.—Why don't she go?

LECTURER.—Go? Who ever heard of a perpetual motion machine's going? We will now pass into Belshazzar's grot, or the den of lions, where—

(They pass.)

August sun. At the end of that time the artist will be done brown, according to calculations made by the widow when she took him to board.

Now, season to the taste with a little bitterness and woe. Let Ruth find a letter on the artist's table, written in a delicate feminine hand. Let her eye fall upon the words, "My Darling Lionel," and then let her throw it indignantly from her, and go out, "with her hand pressed close over her breaking heart, out—out into the desolate night."

Be careful to let Mary or Ruth go out—out into the desolate night—without reading any more of Lionel, or Gerald, or Reginald's letter. That would make the cake dough, beside violating all the traditions that have governed the daughters of boarding-house landladies from time immemorial.

The weeks that follow this occurrence may be fraught with sorrow, and during this time the dish may be allowed to cool until a thin crust forms over its surface. Toward the end of the Summer, just as the widow is beginning to realize with bitter regret that her boarder is going away, and that she will have her daughter on her hands another year, put the crowning touch to the whole by introducing the lover's sister, Grace, who wrote the letter. Spread a reconciliation over the dish, and serve before it has time to cool.

J. L. Ford.



SHAKSPEREAN.

"Now is the Winter of our discontent made glorious Summer by this son of Cork."

THE ROUND OF BUSINESS.

Some things do in a circle go:
As business-men grow wiser,
The advertiser pays, and so
That pays the advertiser!

NOTHING ESCAPED.

FLOTSAM.—Do you know the tides have been higher for the past week than they have been in years.

JETSAM.—Yes; McKinley has a great deal to answer for.

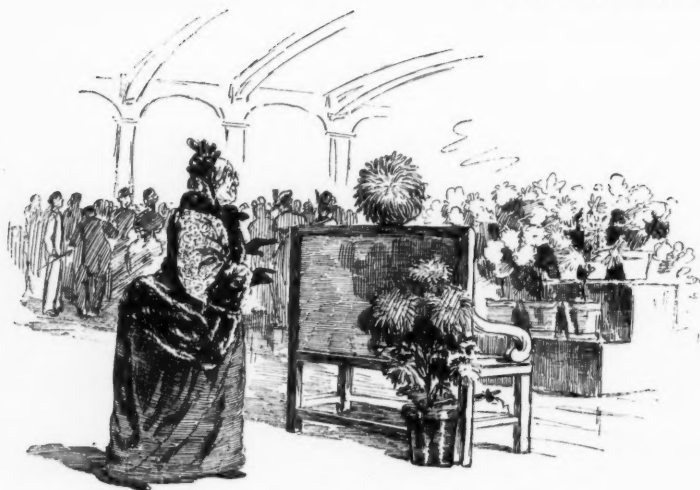


THE ADORATION OF THE 6,000-YEAR-OLD CHINESE IDEA.
AND IF ITS DISCIPLES KEEP IT UP LONG ENOUGH, THEY WILL SURELY BRING US ALL TO EATING RATS AND RICE.

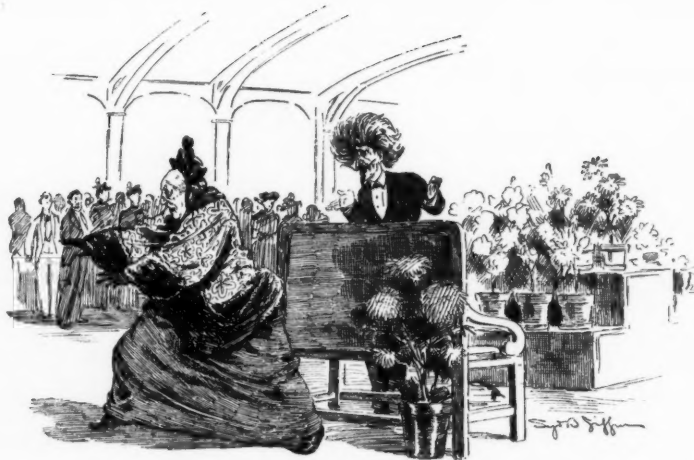
C.J. Taylor



AT THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.



MRS. BULBUS ROOT.—I suppose it's stealing, but I'm going to take a leaf out of that lovely specimen there if I get killed for it.



MONSIEUR DE BOUCHIÈRE.—I hai not ze plaisir of ze lady's agvaintance.

A HINT TO BEAUTY.



MILLINER and hatter show
Work to please the belle and beau.
But as change is still the passion
Of the votaries of fashion,
That which just now has a pull
We to-day call beautiful.
Fashion-plates made in the "fifties,"
Show us all how weak our gift is
To discern what time will cherish
From the things that soon will perish.
Mother Eve in fig-leaves dressed,
Pallas, with her armored breast,
Cæsar, in imperial state,
Show a beauty without date;
While the portrait, once delightful,
Forty years may make seem frightful.
So let your head be always bare
When seated in the artist's chair!

G. E. Hanson.

FAMILIES ARE a good deal like clocks. Too much regulation may make them go wrong all the time.

IT IS PROBABLY the amount of elevated railway litigation that makes Jay Gould think that a man can get along very well on one suit a year.

POLITICAL PARTIES are like social ones; "The more the merrier," and the harder it is to tell how folks will come out the next morning.

FREQUENTLY A POLITICIAN is never so much out of place as when he is in it.

FROM THE mannish dress of the girl of the period it would seem that we have passed the period of the girl.

HOW TO GET SOME LARGE BILLS FOR A SMALL ONE—Go to Law.

IT IS USELESS for people to lead a cat-and-dog life. Poor old Towser ought to realize that Tabby has nine chances to his one.

NOT THE AMERICAN YOUTH.

MAMA.—Johnny, you should try to win prizes in school, like Tommy Brown. He has a dozen already.

JOHNNY.—O shucks! His are all good "conduc'" prizes, an' who wants that kind?

1861 — DUTY — 1890.

O Man! who for a tariff high
Vociferously squealest,
Consider what a time we had
To put darkeys on the free list.

A SAFE INFERENCE.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.—Somebody told me that your son George was now a prominent figure in politics out in Indiana. I hope he is sound on all the great moral issues of the day.

PATERFAMILIAS.—I think so. He has just been defeated for Congress.

TOO RISKY FOR HIM.

UNCLE HUMSTED.—No, James, I can't stay all night with ye. I'd like to; but New York is an awful dangerous place, and I must be gettin' home.

JAMES UPTON.—New York dangerous! How do you make that out, Uncle?

UNCLE HUMSTED.—Why, I see there was over two hundred thousand mysterious disappearances here this year.

JAMES UPTON.—Where did you get your figures?

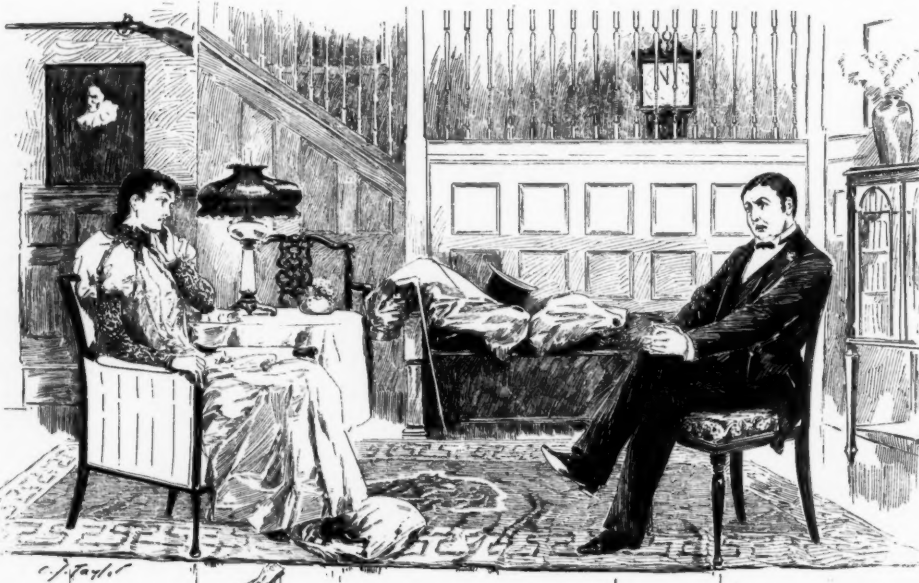
UNCLE HUMSTED.—From the Federal census.

THE EVILS which result from excessive cigarette smoking could be easily abated if some leader of fashion would send forth his fiat that the only "correct thing" was to smoke cigarettes rolled by ones own fingers.

IT IS GOOD to begin well; but it is better to pass safely through the troubles of your second Summer.

TRAMPS ARE a good deal like lawyers. After they are admitted to the Bar you often find them slumbering peacefully on the Bench.

"THE OYSTER attains to the age of twelve years." This alludes to the oyster that attends festivals, no doubt.



TIME HAD TAUGHT HER.

MISS ERIE.—I heard something about you that I'm sure is not true, Mr. Glood.

MR. ERNEST GLOOD.—What was it?

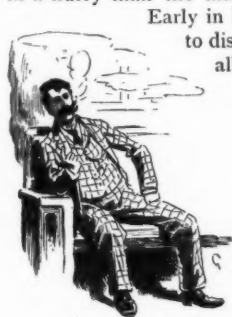
MISS ERIE.—I heard some one say you were an easy-going fellow.



III.

What Columbus Missed.

SAID THE traveled passenger in the smoking-room, lighting a fresh cigar: "There is no better example of what one may miss by being in a hurry than the late Christopher Columbus.



Early in life he made up his mind to discover America. That was all right. His intentions were strictly honorable and entirely praiseworthy; I condemn nothing but his haste. Nobody urged him to start. The majority report was to the effect that he was a fool, any way, and men who had money to lend on good real estate security, and

could look at the scheme calmly and dispassionately, said that America could afford to wait.

"But Columbus was an impetuous, nervous, excitable sort of man, and when he had once made up his mind to discover anything, he wanted to put right out and do it before breakfast. He hardly rested, once his head was set on the thing, until he got some ships, or something they called ships in those days, and then he set sail. He did n't cable us—he did n't even write or send word he was coming. And what did he find when he got here? Why, nothing but a lot of howling savages, who had no committee to receive him, nor nobody to make a speech of welcome, were not expecting company, and had on nothing but their bathing suits and an expression of extreme surprise.

"Columbus should have waited until America was ready to be discovered. He should have paused until 1893, when he could have come over with comfort, or even luxury, if he were willing to pay for it, and had something to write about when he got home. Very likely, if he had tried, Columbus could not have picked on a time to discover America when America showed up to less advantage than when he did. I never think of this thing that I do not feel my opinion of Columbus shrink. I have no patience with a person who spoils a good thing by useless hurry.

"If he had not been in such a splutter, instead of embarking in a leaky old ship with a mutinous crew, he could have crossed the ocean on an ocean racer and landed at New York. He would have found much there to interest him, and I doubt not that his reception would have been hearty and hospitable. From the very moment the announcement appeared in the morning papers that 'Mr. Columbus had arrived to discover America,' he would have been an object of much pleasant attention. After seeing New York he could have journeyed leisurely across the continent, in a vestibule train. At Chicago he could have attended the Columbus World's Fair Exposition gotten up expressly in his honor; at Kansas City he could have found hundreds of men willing to sell him city lots at \$5,000 a front foot; at Denver he could have bought a silver mine or two at his own price; at Salt Lake City he could have informed himself fully on the Mormon question; and the 'Frisco folks would have given him a grand blow-out and filled his head chock full of the Chinese.

"And he should not have left California after a mere cursory glance. He would have found enough there in the way of surprises to fill a book or two, and something over to tell his friends when he got home, and have them vote him a graceful and artistic liar, and ask him what he took them for?

"From 'Frisco he should have journeyed southward. At Santa Barbara he would have found men lying awake of nights to hear the shriek of the locomotive, as a signal for them to put another \$500 a front foot on town lots; but in that restful climate the greed of gain would have passed his understanding. At Los Angeles thousands of men would have welcomed Mr. Columbus—would have taken him by the hand, expressed joy as warm as their sunshine, that he had been good enough to leave his family to come all the way across the Atlantic to discover America, and would have offered to sell him eligibly located city lots, certain to double in value in the next thirty days, and orange groves at \$2,000 an acre. Then they would have asked if he had lost a lung, and explained to him by means of charts and diagrams how he could live better and cheaper and longer in Los Angeles with one lung than he could live anywhere else with four or five. And he would have found the land of Southern California flowing with milk and honey and native wines and one and another good thing to make his esophagus glad.

"It requires but a very small effort of the human intellect to grasp the folly of Christopher Columbus in being in a hurry to discover America. Why, gentlemen, there is hardly a person in America to-day that does not know more about America than the man did who discovered it. There is not an English tourist who does not know nearly as much about America as did Christopher Columbus.



"Columbus was a very good judge of an egg in the original package, but, mainly owing to his haste and want of system and thoroughness, he was, without doubt, one of the most sublimely ignorant men in regard to America and her resources who ever visited our shores.

"I am not surprised to learn that he died poor and filled with vain regrets. Let his mistakes be as a warning to us. Let us, if we would die rich and without vain regrets, never go out to pick a new continent till it is ripe."

Scott Way.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had then been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks, and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equipoise and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the Fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor, and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys, and that he would not stand in my shoes for the state of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating, and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1889.

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THE LEADING LAMP OF THE WORLD.

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THE NEW 1890 METEOR. SCIOPTICON.

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J. SCHEIDIG & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
43 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK.

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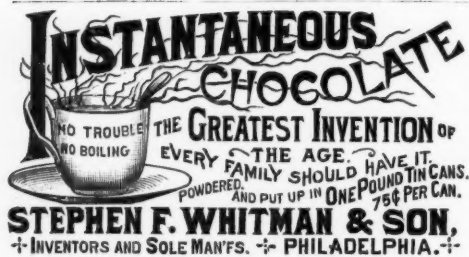
All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest 10-cent Cigar manufactured in the world. For the past ten years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, having reached in 1889 over three and three-quarter millions; and it will reach five millions for 1890, and it to-day stands without a rival. For sale by all FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS in the principal cities throughout AMERICA. It is manufactured in two sizes—BOUQUET EXTRA, packed 25 and 50 in a box, and BOUQUET LONDRES, packed 100 in a box. If you desire a fragrant and delicious smoke, equal to many IMPORTED 20-cent cigars, the BOUQUET will surely please you, and the name of UPMANN, which every cigar bears, should be a sufficient guarantee of its high standard quality to satisfy the most fastidious consumer.

AGASSIZ SAID OF CORONADO BEACH, SAN DIEGO CO., CALIFORNIA: "A CLIMATE THAT HAS NO EQUAL." WRITE TO E. S. BABCOCK, JR., FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.

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BACON.—I see Trotter is entered in athletic games all over the country.

EGBERT.—Yes; he's an all around athlete. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters, of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.



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Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath, Cooling and Refreshing. 25 cts. Send for book "Care of Teeth" free Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

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OUR EXPERIENCE.

MRS. BLOSSOM (to her husband, who has come home with a black eye).—That's what you get for riding a bicycle.

MR. BLOSSOM (mournfully).—No, my dear; it's what I get for not being able to ride one. — *The Epoch*.

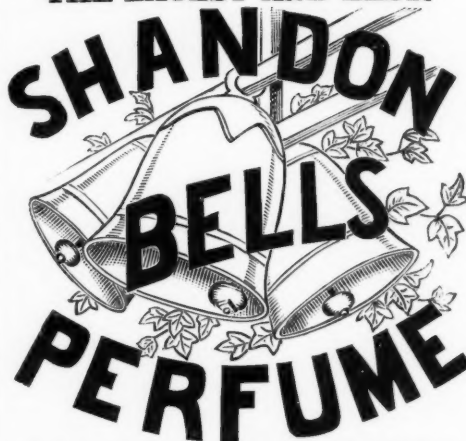
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Main Office, Nashua, N. H. New York, 323 Broadway.
Send for Pamphlet.

BOSTON FASHIONS.

MISS BAQUE BEY.—I understood you to say, Mama, that the Emersons were wealthy.

MRS. BAQUE BEY.—Are they not?

MISS BAQUE BEY.—I should say not. Everybody at church to-day had on new Fall spectacles, except Miss Emerson. She wore her Summer glasses.

MRS. BAQUE BEY.—I should think she would be afraid of taking cold.—*Cape Cod Item.*

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NOURISHMENT AND REFRESHMENT

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.

We Make the Cigar. You Make the Smoke.
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The Mystifying Chess Automaton, is here yet.



The "Heat Imps," vainly trying to break "Macbeth's Pearl Top" Chimney.

GEO. A. MACBETH & Co., PITTSBURGH, PA.

32

AS THE CHANCE OFFERS.

"Yes, the Fair will be held in Chicago,"

He said with an ardent glance.

"But I think that they should be held
Wherever one gets a chance."—*Ex.*

WHO'S TO BLAME?

WIFE.—Horror! Our daughter has eloped with your
type-writing young man.

HUSBAND.—Well, you would n't let me hire a young
woman.—*New York Weekly.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTH-
ING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the
gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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for any length of time. 1 lb. equal

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RECOMMENDED BY LEADING PHYSICIANS UNADULTERATED BY ANY
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ARE NOW OFFERING IN THEIR
FUR DEPARTMENT
EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES



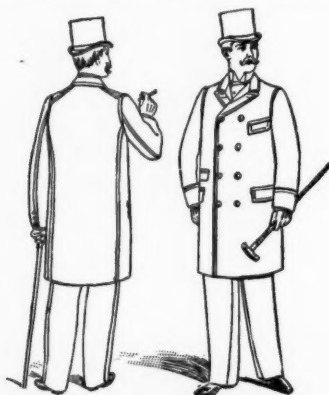
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THIS COAT WE CAN RECOMMEND FOR COMFORT
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Is not this a tempting
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How can we emphasize this?
You must believe it enough
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For sale by all Fancy Grocers. A sample can
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Prof. Dyke's Hair has restored the
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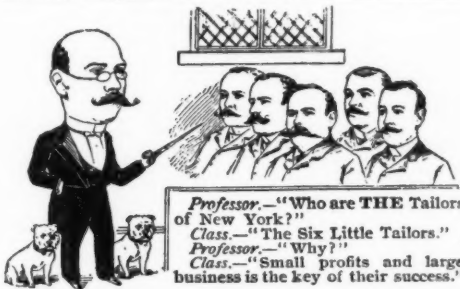
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LANDLORD.—Oh, no! Only when there's a fire in the grate.—West Shore.

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Seven new Styles and Sizes

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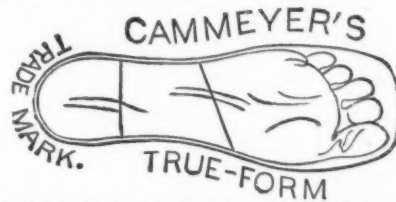
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YOU NEED NOT HAVE THE SLIGHTEST SUSPICION THAT YOU ARE WEARING NEW SHOES, IF YOU WILL BE PATIENT TO SELECT SUCH AS ARE OF A PROPER FIT FOR LENGTH AND WIDTH, IN MY "TRUE-FORM" LINE OF SHOES. BEAR IN MIND, I HAVE ABUNDANCE OF VARIETY IN LENGTHS AND WIDTHS AND DIFFERENT SHAPE TOES TO FIT ANY FOOT FOR DIMENSION, AND EVERY MIND FOR IDEAS AND PREFERENCES.



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I did it.

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Mind you I am a

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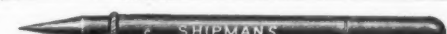


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If you can't afford to keep a horse, you'll have to pull the plough yourself.



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A Galaxy of Gouldisms for the Laboring Classes.